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MELIBŒUS AT THE BATH.

It is far from my intention in choosing the above title for this paper, to excite false expectations in the minds of lovers of the fine arts. There will follow no æsthetic description of my admirable friend as a *Tableau Vivant*—a piece of human statuary. Melibœus at the Bath is not intended to have the same signification as Eve at the Fountain: he was at the bath indeed, but with no intention whatever of getting into it; and the piece of water to which I particularly refer was neither Helicon nor Arethusa, but a certain London swimming-bath, unsung, unsyllabled until now.

That penny paper purchased by our friend on the occasion of the foot-race, and which the newsman was so good as to let him have for fourpence, in consideration of his being his first customer, will lead him, I foresee, unless great precautions are taken, into very strange company. There are advertisements of events upon the *tapis** in that organ, such as I have never seen anywhere else, and which excite the curiosity of Melibœus to a morbid and extravagant degree.

'Should you not like to be the Champion of All England at Knur and Spell?' exclaimed he, the other evening, looking up from this wonderful print, which I believe he takes to bed with him.

'I don't know what it is,' returned I peevishly; 'I wish you'd improve your mind (pushing him over *Chambers's Journal*), instead of reading that rubbish.'

'Now you call yourself an educated man,' cried Melibœus with indignation, 'and yet you not only don't know what Knur and Spell is, but you openly avow that you don't want to know. What ignorance is more degraded than that which has no desire for instruction? None, sir; none, save that which has an absolute distaste for it.'

'Well, then,' said I laughing, 'what is Knur and Spell?'

'I do not know,' replied Melibœus; 'I thirst for information; and I own I should dearly like to be the Champion of something or other. This interesting paper is full of Champions. There seem to be as many celebrated persons in this country of whom one has never heard as in the Disunited States. There is not only a Champion for the Prize Ring, at present on a semi-regal "tour through Yorkshire," where he is "exhibiting his magnificent cups and trophies," and having "set-tos" every evening "with his Black"—who, I should think, must be Black and Blue by this time—a Champion of the Heavy Weights, a Champion

of the Light Weights, and three similar Champions of the wrestling ring, but Marbles as well as Man-slaughter boasts its Champion. There is a Champion of Draughts, of Billiards, and of Change-ringing; of Rabbit-coursing (but that is a dog), of high and horizontal Leaping, and of Quoits. Nor are these mere honorary sinecures. He must win who would wear, and must keep who would hold these dignities. Our friend Deerfoot, for instance, has got a good deal of work before him if he is to be the Champion of Pedestrianism, since there are no less than six challengers, one of whom will even give him twenty yards in every mile. Instead of Fashionable Intelligence, which is generally a little tame, my paper is full of details concerning the private life of these eminent personages—the true nobility of Nature.'

'Why do you not take it in, then,' said I, 'instead of the *Court Journal*?' to which I knew Melibœus was a surreptitious subscriber, reading it in his saddle-room and other out-of-the-way places, and always pretending that he has it for the sake of Mrs M.

Melibœus winced a little, and continued his observations without reply. 'My paper narrates of the Noble Savage, that he is so awfully suspicious of the Palefaces that he will not take Bank of England notes, but must be paid in gold; and that it is his ambition to return to his native prairies the richest of his tribe, which is that of the Seneca Indians. He will probably also (to judge by the style of those who address him) return with the largest stock of singular English that Red Man ever accumulated. Smuggs of Sunderland begs to inform him that "if he means business" he can be "on with him (Smuggs)" for four miles level for what he likes.' Also, "the Paddington Pet hearing that Deerfoot is anxious for a match, will run him, or (which reads a little irrelevantly) give fifteen seconds' start, in two miles, to Smutchkins of Wolverhampton."

'How different,' remarked I, 'must these things sound to you, who are in the habit of perusing the rounded periods and sesquipedalian adjectives of the annalists of fashion!'

'You never saw me reading the—the paper to which you refer, in all my life,' exclaimed Melibœus with irritation.

'Yes, my friend, once—once, at least, I can make affidavit—although you did pretend to be drawing up the dining-room fire with it when I came in.'

'Well, and I am not ashamed of it either,' returned Melibœus; 'and I'm hanged if I can see what there is to laugh at.'

But he did laugh, almost immediately, with the utmost heartiness; and when he had paid that tribute to the shrine of honesty, I forbore to press him further

* So much queer French, by the by, is introduced into its columns, that I believe the editor to be an inhabitant of Sark.

on a point where his otherwise perfect armour has a rivet palpably loose.

'Did you ever see a Show of Dogs?' inquired Melibœus, returning to his pennyworth of 'Things not generally known,' 'and why do they almost invariably take place on Sunday evenings? What is the use of a man's living in London, as you do, and yet remaining ignorant of all these things? You seem to me to know nothing. I daresay, now, you are not acquainted with a single member of the East London Canine Club (which, I am pleased to see, exhibits on a week-day), or we could gain admittance this very night to the *Perch and Cauliflower*, where "the chair will be taken by Mr Nipper, who will shew his unrivalled toy bull-dog; vice, Mr Tipper, with his prize Maltese." We might also have "the use of a good wire-pit gratis"—goodness, gracious, what for? Oh, I see, rats! "several hundreds of which are always on hand."

'I would go to no such place,' exclaimed I, 'under any consideration whatsoever. I put myself—a man of business and respectability—into a totally false position when I went to that running-match to oblige you, all among betting-people.'—

Melibœus gave me such a stab with his eyes that I stopped short perforce.

'Thou dabbler in scrip and share, thou *roué* of the Exchange,' cried he, 'spare me thy sophistries, or pay me back my half-sovereign!'

'My dear Melibœus,' returned I, 'that account is closed, and we of the city are not used to refer to past transactions. If there is any place of amusement advertised in that paper of yours which a man who has a reputation to lose can visit with propriety, I shall be happy to do so in your company—but none of your "Shows of Dogs."'

'Well, then,' said my friend, 'let us go to the swimming-matches to-night at the Pompeian Baths, "a great amount of science is entered for competition" (whatever that may mean), "and the Champion Swimmer and his talented family will assist in the entertainment."'

'His family!' cried I. 'That is a very singular announcement. Why, they must be others, surely!'

'Tis very like,' said Melibœus; 'I should be astonished at nothing. Let us go and resolve our doubts. Unless, that is, you would prefer to visit St Boniface's steeple, where "a company of Campanalogians" are to-night to ring "a true and complete peal of grandsire caters, comprising 5021 changes with the 5th and 6th behind the 9th," as they did yesterday.'

At these dreadful and unintelligible sounds, themselves something like bad bells jangling, I put my fingers into my ears, and shook my head.

So a cab was sent for, and we traversed many unknown streets, and once went up a *cul de sac* and back again; and when we asked of one where these baths were, he mocked at us, and said *we looked as if we wanted baths*; but another, of less lively wit or more humanity, directed us to the best of his ability, and through him we went utterly wrong. And yet people ought to know the Pompeian Baths. There is a stately portico outside, and steps of high pretension; and within, superfluous halls and empty corridors (waste places such as are not found elsewhere but in baths only), abounding in echoes and splashes, and the sound of far-off laughter and voices.

'How cool and clean is all here!' observed Melibœus, eager as usual to admire. 'Do you know that I have a very good mind to take a dip!'

'What! after dinner?' cried I, 'and you taking eighteen ounces of "livelong candy" a week, on account of indigestion. No, sir, I will not stand by and witness suicide. Come, pay your half-a-crown like a man, and "rally round" the Champion, as you were requested to do in your enthusiastic newspaper.'

'Of course,' suggested the box-keeper sardonically, 'if the gent *prefers* to swim with the public, he can see the races in that manner for sixpence; but generally speaking, persons of quality like yourselves'—

'Such as take in the *Court Journal*,' interrupted I explanatorily.

'Just so, sir; noblemen and gentlemen, they pay their two-and-six, or even their five shillings.'

'Well,' remarked Melibœus, 'as our peerages are still in abeyance, I think half-a-crown will satisfy the obligations of our position.'

So we paid that money, and entered the Pompeian Swimming-hall. This was a very spacious chamber, well lit with gas from above; lined at the sides with near a hundred dressing-rooms for the bathers, each shut in by half a door, like witness-boxes; and with galleries over these, for the accommodation of spectators.

In its centre was an enormous bath of about 120 feet by 30, and with a depth of water averaging five feet. So many individuals in scanty or no drapery were running distractedly about the edges of this, that the scene was like a fire in a dwelling-house three stories up, and very little time to lose. These were 'the Public,' which had been bathing, and was now getting out of the water to make way for the professionals. It was by no means in a hurry to do this, having paid its sixpence for leave to bathe for the whole evening, and the local authorities had enough to do in persuading it to retire behind its half-doors, and dry itself a bit. One or another was always saying to himself 'just this once more;' and then a flying body would hurl itself into the water, and splash derisively with its legs, and then out again, and into its witness-box dripping.

'I do hope that there will be no more of this,' observed the manager pathetically, 'now that we have at last got the bath quite clear; when close beside him, amid roars of laughter, uprose the red head of a creature that had been diving, and apologised upon the ground that he had been under water, and had not heard any orders, the wave, as was well known, being a non-conductor of sound.

'Come out, Carrots,' retorted the spectators, who were getting impatient for the races, and Carrots came out, submissive.

Then, upon the diving-board, which was raised several feet above the bath, appeared five athletes, with various coloured drawers, and with nets such as ladies use to prevent their hair from coming into their eyes. These were presented to the company by the master-merman of the ceremonies.

'Gentlemen, permit me to introduce to your notice Griggs of the New Cut, a scientific swimmer of great eminence.'

Griggs brought his hand down upon his breast so vehemently that you might have heard—and indeed you did hear—his skin smack.

'Wobbles of Lambeth, gentlemen, known to most here present.'

There was quite a cheer for Wobbles, who bowed with what might perhaps have been gracefulness, if he had but been more fully attired; but as it was, he caused Melibœus so to shake with laughter that I thought he would have fallen into the bath.

'Hicks of the Bathill Reservoir.' I looked with especial interest upon Hicks, because Bathill is the

source which supplies the district in which I live with drinking-water, and I thought of the story which Melibœus had told me at Greenwich about the Reservoir there—and which I had unfeelingly laughed at them—with a shudder. Nothing, however, could be cleaner than Hicks and his four companions; indeed, they were more than clean, for they were almost white; and it was observable in all the professional swimmers of the evening that they were not ruddy or pink, as your occasional bather is, when he comes out of the water, but white, and perhaps just a thought flabby—like a sole.

'Messrs Howard and Percival of the *Hellespont* Club, distinguished amateurs,' made up the party. The last introduction was by no means unnecessary, for in that levelling costume none could have told the amateur from the professional. The author of *Sartor Resartus*, had he enjoyed the advantage of visiting in our company the Pompeian Baths that night, would have chuckled to see what became of the outward and visible tokens of Birth, and Blood, and all the rest of it, which are said to distinguish the Cholmondeleys from the Joneses. They were all left in the little witness-boxes, in company with the superior coats and better-made unmentionables.

'Clothes make the Man, the want of them the Fellow,'

observed I, adapting certain well-known and immortal words to this philosophy.

'Not so,' returned Melibœus hastily, all the *Court Journal* flashing in his eyes. 'Observe in yonder unclad gentleman of the *Hellespont* the smooth hand and tapering fingers; the foot, too, narrower than those of his companions on the right; the hair not long, but curling crisply over the forehead.'

'Why, that is Hicks!' cried I derisively; for, unperceived by my argumentative friend, the men had indeed changed their positions upon the board. 'Your facts are undeniable, but the application of them is'—

'One, two, three, and off,' exclaimed the master-merman, and a mighty plunge announced the simultaneous leap of the competitors.

'I never before noticed,' observed Melibœus (without one word about the aristocratic Hicks), 'how very much upon one side a man must swim who would attain to any speed. See, every head is lying sideways upon the pillow of water which its own progression pushes up before it. There is somewhat too much of effort in the motion to be graceful; one might conclude from the laborious action alone that water is not man's natural element. How happy seem even these tried swimmers to reach the end of the bath, and how they spring off from it on their return, as if by the very touch of terra firma they had acquired renovated strength.'

'That is most true,' said I: 'I never saw a swimmer at full speed whose appearance did not suggest distress.'

'But also,' quoth Melibœus, 'the victory of man over circumstance. Not one of these five are conscious that they have anything to contend with save each other—that the water is itself a foe. The fire of rivalry glows unextinguished in their half-drowned faces, although when one draws ahead, as Wobbles is doing, it becomes almost a hopeless struggle, increased exertion only increasing the causes of obstruction. Poor Griggs's pillow, for example, who is swimming as though he had a shark after him, is twice the size it was when he took it easier, and he blows like a school of porpoises.'

This race was but four lengths of the bath, or under five hundred feet, yet during the last length the competitors had 'tailed' very considerably. Wobbles came in an easy winner, amid plaudits, and having emerged from the deep, seized hold of a lank lock that had escaped from the net on to his forehead, and pulled it in grateful acknowledgment. He had won a ribbon

and a medal, but the presentation of these was necessarily deferred for the present, since he had nothing on to which to pin them.

After this there was a handicap race, in which the inferior swimmers were each allowed so many seconds in advance, in proportion to their demerits; the master-merman, watch in hand, starting them from the diving-board: 'No. 1, off'—splash; 'No. 2, make ready, off'—splash; 'No. 3, ditto, ditto;' and so on; and it was pleasant to mark how the last and best swimmer recovered his lost distance, and neared and passed the others, one after one, in spite of their struggles.

Next, divers of celebrity performed sundry feats in defiance of the laws of nature and science; disappearing at one extremity of the bath, and coming up, when most of us had given them up for dead, at the other end. The fattest man I ever saw out of a caravan entered the hall during this performance, and upon his taking his coat off, in our immediate vicinity, Melibœus could not help looking apprehensive that he was about to become a competitor.

'Never you mind me,' observed the Leviathan, replying to this tacit anxiety. 'I takes my coat off because I'm 'ot, not because I'm such a fool as you thinks. Why, I finds it a difficult job to breathe at all, without trying on that little experiment under water. Not but that I should float, mind you, if I got into that ere bath, only, perhaps, it would not be my 'ed that would be uppermost. I have been as good a diver as any one of them, too, in my time,' added the fat man with a sigh: 'I once weighed but twelve stuns four—but that was when I was a very little boy.'

His mind was evidently wandering back to that lean and happy epoch, when even the act of running was not impossible, so we forbore to interrupt him—to snap the golden chain of memory—for several minutes. At length, Melibœus inquired whether he could remember what used to be his sentiments during a long dive.

'Premonitory suffocation,' said he gloomily; 'your mouth, as it were, stopped up with a pocket-handkercher, and somebody or another a-pinching your nose. Ugh! I don't like to talk about it, gents; it gives me quite a tightness, it do indeed. But here, look, is the Champion Swimmer, who is worth all the divers in the world.'

The gentleman in question was just being received with raptures by the company; a rather undersized and slightly built man of about eight-and-thirty, but with a well-developed and powerful chest.

'And where are his "talented family?"' inquired Melibœus anxiously.

'They're a-coming all in good time,' wheezed the fat man; 'but this is the real treat. Talk about diving! This un has swum the river where the barges are, dipping under every one, and being keel-hauled like by the tide beneath each, and he thought nothing of it. I remember him, when he was a-training for the championship, swimming from Putney to Mortlake at night-time, all in the dark, so as nobody but them as went with him should know how quick he did it. That ere Deerfoot as there is so much talk about, the Injun—and for my part I doubt whether he is an Injun at all; I don't believe he'd keep his colour in the water; he'd come out white—fancy him a-challenging this ere man to swim! Hark, he's a-talking about it now. You listen.'

The Champion was explaining, before commencing his entertainment, that he had been challenged by Deerfoot, but that the Noble Savage had subsequently thought better of it. 'I am ready to swim any man in the world,' said he, 'from one mile to five miles, in any water, and for not less than a hundred pounds'—Splash.

This man was really a wonderful swimmer. He floated, he dived, he trod water; he swam like a fish, like a duck, like a dog—that is, he paddled, after the

manner used by his would-have-been opponent, the Indian; he swam with one arm in air, with one leg in air, and with both arms in air.

'If he had had the misfortune to have lived in the good old times, and been mistaken for a witch, and cast into the water bound hand and foot,' observed Melibœus, 'that man would have swum *then*, and triumphantly refuted his calumniators.'

We were neither of us, however, at all prepared to see this very thing done, which happened next. After the rest of his exploits were finished, they tied the Champion's feet together, as likewise his hands, and pushed him (since he could not jump) off the diving-board; and, even hampered thus, he made his way to the other end of the bath at very fair speed. After this ('the Public' having been previously requested to attire itself), was introduced his 'talented family.' This consisted of No. 1, a young lady aged seven, in a tight-fitting red silk dress, whom, to judge by her achievements, Nature appeared to have constructed upon a new principle, involving the substitution of cork for bone. She swam with astonishing grace, and kissed her fingers to the company as she floated upon the wave, like any pocket syren.

'She really does seem to enjoy herself,' observed I, 'for whenever she has any breath to spare, she laughs with it.'

'I hope it is so,' said Melibœus, 'but it is possible she only does it to get rid of her specific gravity. These exhibitions of children always make my heart ache.'

No. 2, a young gentleman aged six, whose cradle must have been laid, like that of Moses, upon bulrushes, and whose first walk must have been taken in the direction of the river, was now introduced to us. When he floated on the surface after his exertions, with his little hands clasped prayerfully before him, like a juvenile Christian martyr, I thought Melibœus would have cried outright.

No. 3 did cry outright, poor little fellow, but that was upon his own account. He was only three years old, and about a foot in height, and the drop from the diving-board looked very awful to him (as well it might), and the water rather cold. Then his father, the Champion, whispered to him—inconsistently enough—'to be a man, and then he should have a lollipop,' and there was a very tiny splash, as if three pennyworth of halfpence had been chucked in, and lo, a little creature upon its back, making blindly for the nearest steps, like an earwig who finds himself in a slop-basin. But his father guided this tiny boy by signs, and when he neared the bank, held out a crooked stick, and so drew the darling in.

'I can't stand this,' quoth Melibœus; 'they will be throwing in a new-born baby next.'

But we had seen the last and least, and in a very few minutes the duodecimo swimmer had got his very small-clothes on again, and was sucking something with great gusto.

'Well,' said Melibœus, as we left the hall, 'I am really pleased. This place cannot but be a blessing to all the neighbourhood. How true it is that cleanliness is akin to godliness, for among so many people, and in a place where the echoes repeat every word, I did not hear a single wicked word.'

'Indeed,' said I—for the opportunity was not to be resisted—'for my part, I was not listening for them.'

'I have heard something like that before,' returned Melibœus drily.

'The Champion was well worth seeing,' continued I, taking no notice of this miserable attempt at detraction, 'and the family is certainly talented.'

'I should not say talented, so much as web-footed,' remarked Melibœus with modest self-appreciation; 'and if one were really born so, I do not doubt but that the Champion would only consider the child *more of a duck*.'

'I am much mistaken if I have not heard an observation similar to *that* before, my friend.'

But Melibœus made no answer, being somewhat unnecessarily preoccupied in calling a cab.

THE STORY OF THE GEOLOGICAL SURVEY.

A GEOLOGICAL map is always very suggestive of that grim anatomical figure styled an *écorchée*, which may often be seen in a doctor's cabinet or an artist's studio—a statuette of the human form after the fashion of poor Marsyas, when he came out of the hands of Apollo, with all the skin flayed off, and blue veins, gray muscles, and raw red flesh exposed. The representation of mother-earth which the geologists have drawn for us is in a similar style. The compact, close-fitting carpet of green turf, purple heath, or rich brown mould is rolled off, trees, chimneys, and steeples, pretty villages and big black towns, all external features of the land are swept away, and the underlying strata, the flesh and bones of the earth, are laid bare to sight. It is as hopeless to recognise a favourite landscape in such a map as an old friend *écorchée*—not but what one may find something to admire in each even under their altered aspect—the well-developed biceps, say, of the one, or the rich mineral veins of the other. But the wonder is how the geologists can manage to tell how the earth looks below the surface, because they cannot flay it or take it to pieces as anatomists have the opportunity of doing with the human frame. It is a work of scientific deduction from a number of facts which it requires keen eyes to collect, and a well-stored head to comprehend.

The science of geology has made such vast and rapid strides of late years, that we are apt to forget how recent has been the discovery of many of the fundamental truths upon which it is based. It was not till about the commencement of the present century that any definite principle was established as to a fixed order in the succession of strata; and the 'father of English geology,' Dr William Smith, to whom we owe the discovery of that important fact, has only been dead some twenty years. The son of a humble yeoman in Oxfordshire, William Smith's chief amusement as a child was to wander about the fields gathering 'pound-stones' (*echinites*) and 'pundibs' (*terebratule*). Arrived at man's estate, he found in the pursuit of his profession of land-surveyor and civil engineer ample scope for his favourite study. He was much employed in surveying coal-mines, and also in laying out canals, for the making of which the schemes of the Duke of Bridgewater and the achievements of the self-taught genius Brindley had created quite a mania. He had thus abundant opportunities of examining the geological features of a wide district, embracing Gloucestershire, Somersetshire, and Warwickshire. He was struck with the remarkable constancy which was apparent in the superposition of strata, and the idea of a general law on the subject began to dawn upon him. A professional tour from south to north which he made in 1794, when twenty-five years old, enabled him to extend his researches and to develop his budding theory. Railways, of course, were not even thought of at that time, and the pace at which the post-chaise moved in which he travelled, allowed him to observe, at many points where the rocks were laid bare, the dip and character of the strata. He kept a sharp look-out on every side, and acquired much valuable information.

His biographer, Professor Phillips, tells us that so acute was his geologic vision, that although the road along which he passed from York to Newcastle in a post-chaise was from five to fifteen miles distant from the hills of chalk and slate on the east, he was satisfied as to their nature by their contours and relative position to other rocks of which he caught an occasional glimpse on the road. The result of these and former observations satisfied Mr Smith that the rocky masses in the west of England which form the sub-strata of the country sloped gently towards the east and south-east—that the red sandstones and marls above the coal-measures plunged beneath the beds provincially termed lias and limestone—that those again lay below the sands, yellow limestones, and clays, that formed the table-land of the Coteswold Hills—while these were surmounted by the great chalk deposits, that run from the east coast of Dorsetshire northward to the Yorkshire shores of the German Ocean. He did not fail to perceive also that each layer of clay, sand, and limestone held, to a great extent, its own particular group of fossils, and that even where the genera were the same, the species varied, the snakestones (ammonites) of the lias differing from those of the oolite; and, again, the shells of the latter from those of the Oxford clay, cornbrash and Kimeridge clay. After testing his facts by levellings, sections, and often-repeated observations, and pondering much on the results he obtained, he at length arrived at the then startling and novel conclusion, that each distinct deposit of marine animals shewed that the formation in which it was found had once been the bottom of the sea, and that each layer of clay, sand, chalk, and stone marked a distinct epoch of time in the history of the earth. He announced his discovery to his friends; and at the tea-table would illustrate his views with slices of bread and butter, placed with outcropping edges to represent the superposition of strata. Wherever he went, he introduced his pet theory—at canal boards, county meetings, markets, and farmers' clubs—till at last 'Strata Smith' became somewhat of a bore to the country gentlemen of that pre-scientific period. At the outset, the new doctrine made but slow progress; but in the course of time the enthusiasm and energy of Mr Smith, together with the irresistible weight of evidence he was able to adduce, carried the day. The *savants*, who were at first disposed to pooh-pooh him, at length recognised his merit by the presentation of the Wollaston medal, and hailed him as the 'father of English geology.' He also received the degree of LL.D. from the university of Oxford. The preparation of a map of the stratification of England, which Mr Smith had projected soon after his discovery, but abandoned from want of time, was resumed by him in 1801. By incessant journeys, continued during a series of years, and extending over 10,000 miles annually, on foot, on horseback, and in all manner of vehicles, he traversed the length and breadth of the land, sketched innumerable sections of quarries and outcrops of rocks, and traced the dip and order of strata. 'The habit of observation,' he says, 'crept on me, gained a settlement in my mind, became a constant associate of my life, and started up in activity at first thoughts of a journey; so that I generally went off well prepared with maps, and sometimes with contemplations on its objects, or on those of the road, reduced to writing before it was commenced. My mind was therefore like the canvas of a painter, well prepared for first and best

impressions.' The herculean task which he had undertaken was so far completed by 1801, that he issued a small geological map; but it was not till 1815 that his *Delineation of the Strata of England and Wales* appeared on a large and handsome scale.

Regarded as the first geological map of England, and the achievement of a single man, Mr Smith's delineation was really a marvellous production; but of course it was far from perfect. Sir Henry de la Beche saw the necessity of filling up the gaps and correcting the errors which were to be found in it. Beginning on a modest scale in Cornwall, he gradually extended his operations, and on obtaining the assistance of the government, founded the Geological Survey of Great Britain and Ireland. A number of skilled geologists, selected and trained by Sir Henry, were distributed over the kingdom, a certain district being assigned to each; and so industriously and energetically did they set to work, that, before his death in 1855, maps of half of England and Wales, and part of the south of Ireland, had been prepared and published. With the exception of Yorkshire, and the counties further north, together with some of the eastern ones, the survey of England has been completed. Ireland is far advanced; Scotland has been barely commenced.

The perfection which has been attained in these maps has excited the admiration of geologists and miners both in this country and abroad. The survey of the north half of England, Scotland, and Ireland, is on the scale of six inches to one mile, and that of Southern England on the scale of one inch to the mile. The utmost accuracy and precision of detail has been secured, every dislocation of strata, every outcrop carefully portrayed. The great secret of the excellence of the work, is that the officers of the Survey are inspired with true scientific zeal, and really enjoy their labours.

Varied qualifications are required in a member of the Survey. He must not only be a sound geologist, quick to observe, and cautious in drawing conclusions, but he must also be an active pedestrian, and capable of a good deal of bodily fatigue. A certain degree of tact and *savoir faire* is further indispensable, for his duties sometimes lead him into outlandish quarters and among odd company. He is equipped with a formidable hammer, a wallet for specimens, a portfolio of maps, a warrant to commit any trespass he chooses, and which lets 'all men know by these presents' that the bearer is a trusty emissary of Sir Roderick Murchison, and entitled to aid and protection in the discharge of his functions. This misgiving is frequently a source of great bewilderment to agriculturists of limited intellect and suspicious temperament, who cannot divest themselves of a misgiving that the eccentric gentleman who persists in walking through their fields, and pays not the slightest regard to intimations of 'No thoroughfare' and 'Trespassers beware,' is an income-tax commissioner in disguise. Arrived on the ground which he is going to map out, the explorer looks for road sections, railway cuttings, open rivers, canals, or at least deep ditches, outcrops of rock, quarries, coal-pits—anything that will afford him data as to the character of the strata beneath the surface. Having got trace of one stratum, he has a clue to the rest, the relative position of which he can infer by fixed rules. The general character of the district he can ascertain without much trouble. It is the search for faults and tracing out of dislocations in the crust of the earth that put the surveyor to his metal, and test his skill and scientific knowledge. Sometimes even the ablest explorers are baffled, and thrown off the scent by the vagaries of certain strata. A wide vexatious gap will perhaps occur between the trace of a formation at one point and its reappearance at another; and it is only by long and patient examination that the difficulty can be solved. Of necessity, an exact and careful

survey must be conducted on foot; and many a weary tramp, in all weathers, has the geologist before he has filled in all the peculiarities of the district assigned to him on his map. When in secluded parts of the country, also, he has to put up with very rude and limited accommodation in the way of board and lodgings. If personal comfort, however, be sometimes interfered with, there is no lack of enjoyable excitement in the day's work. Hunting strata may appear poor sport to some, but to the keen geologist it is as exhilarating and delightful as was a fox-chase to Aseton Smith. Nor does the explorer care for plain, obvious, aboveboard strata, that do not exercise his wits at all; I think he rather prefers them of a retiring slippery character, so that if he has some pains he has also some glory in ferreting them out. Of the fossils and characteristic rocks of each district, the surveyor is required to collect three specimens—one for the Museum of Practical Geology, in Jernyn Street, Piccadilly; another for the Technological Museum in Edinburgh; and the third for the Dublin collection. During the greater part of the winter months, the out-duties of the survey are necessarily suspended, and the officers employ their time in copying their rough drafts for the use of the colourists.

The British Survey has furnished a number of distinguished geologists, who are now actively employed in our colonies. In Canada, Sir William Logan has surveyed enormous tracts of country; and great as are the difficulties which have sometimes to be encountered in similar operations at home, they are nothing compared with those which had to be surmounted in Canada. Here, of course, the surveyor has the Ordnance maps to go upon; but Sir William has had the double trouble, and, of course, the twofold merit, of first defining the topography of hitherto unexplored districts, and then of laying down, with the assistance of his associates, the range and relations of the different rock-masses upon his maps. Moreover, there are no such perils or privations to be met with on the home survey as those to which Sir William and his assistants were exposed. For half the year, for many years together, they had to rough it in dreary pine-forests; to navigate newly discovered rivers, of which they did not know the currents, shoals, or rapids, in birch-bark canoes, hastily constructed by Indian attendants on the spot; to guard themselves against wild beasts; to sleep in tents of bark with their feet to the blazing logs; to put up with coarse, sometimes scanty fare; and to be thankful when they found some wild onions to flavour their salt pork.

Again, surveys are being carried out in India, under the direction of Professor Oldham; in the West Indies, under Mr Barrett; in Victoria, under Mr A. R. C. Selwyn; and in Tasmania, under Mr Gould. The survey of Victoria derives peculiar interest from the gold-fields in that quarter. From Mr Selwyn's maps, it appears that the most massive quartz-reefs occur in the Lower Silurian slaty rocks, and the thinnest in the Upper Silurian, though the latter are often richest in gold. The immense number of these reefs has led Mr Selwyn to infer that, notwithstanding numerous recent failures, caused by recklessness, ignorance, bad management, and the high price of labour, hundreds of reefs in the solid rock may yet be opened out with satisfactory success. If proof of the practical value of geological surveys were necessary, a remarkable one might be offered in connection with these very gold-fields, which might long have remained hidden but for the researches of Sir Roderick Murchison in the Ural Mountains on the geological position of the strata from which gold is obtained. From this investigation, he was led, by inductive reasoning, to infer that gold would be found in similar rock, of which specimens had been received from Australia. In a country so rich as our own in mineral wealth, the existence of an efficient body of

geological surveyors is of the utmost importance, and the public have every reason to be satisfied with the diligent and able officers with whom Sir Roderick Murchison and Professor Ramsay have surrounded themselves.

AN OLD COURIER'S TALE.

CABINETS and embassies transact most of their business by telegrams now; couriers get nothing to carry but the heavy, long-winded papers which are generally drawn out after the whole matter has been settled, and nobody cares when they come to hand. The courier is consequently of little account. But in my travelling-days, cabinet councils sat to await our arrival, ambassadors came to meet us on their own stairs, and the sight of a mounted courier was sufficient to wake up all the clubs and coffee-houses in town. We had work to do then. If ever a king got the headache, or a minister looked out of humour, some of us were packed off, whip and spur, to ride for dear life, through all weathers, and keep the dispatches safe, whatever became of ourselves. A quarrel or a marriage in a royal family gave us terrible goings. I shall never forget the time Nicholas of Russia fell out with his brother Constantine, or the marrying of Donna Maria. Many a weary ride and wet coat I got by both affairs; but they were nothing compared with what happened to me once on a journey from St Petersburg to Paris.

I had been some years on the road, and known to have done some smart things, in the way of getting over ground, and putting spies off the scent, when I became attached to the first French embassy which Louis Philippe sent to St Petersburg, after his recognition by the czar. The chief of the embassy, and my special patron, was Count L—, a sensible, moderate man as ever sent or received dispatches; but I think no ambassador ever had more explanations to give, or instructions to get; he kept fifteen couriers in full play, always coming or going, and was pleased to consider me the quickest and most trustworthy of the corps. On that account, I was generally sent on affairs supposed to require more than common prudence and dispatch. Of course, the count did not let me into his diplomatic secrets; but I was well aware that there was a heavy concern on his excellency's mind, when the disappearance of Prince Theodore Ozinoff began to be talked, or rather whispered about, as everything is in St Petersburg. Prince Theodore was not within the circle of my acquaintance, though I have known something of as great people in my time; but his French valet, Dumont, used to come with notes, and wait in the ambassador's anteroom while I waited there too; we used to draw up to the stove to warm our fingers, in the bitter days, and so grew intimate.

The valet had but three themes of conversation—the first was his country, the second was himself, and the third was his master. From this last topic of his, I learned what was patent to all St Petersburg, that the prince had drunk enough to serve a whole regiment. His father's family were allied to the reigning dynasty; his mother was a descendant of the royal Polish House of Lezcyński; he was sole heir of all their rights and titles, and also of two estates, which, though not very extensive, were pretty far apart—the one being situated in the north of Finland, and the other in the south of France. The first had been the gift of Peter the Great to one of his paternal ancestors, who had a hand in helping him to conquer that dreary north land; the second had come by his mother's side from that saintly queen, Maria, whose piety and good works were supposed to make up for the opposite doings of her husband, Louis XV. Dumont knew all about it, and all about Prince Theodore, who, according to his account, was young, handsome, and astonishingly clever, but not at all

averse to an intrigue or duel, and given to what it vulgarly called overrunning the constable, for which, as for all his other shortcomings, the valet had an excuse. 'Monseigneur could not support his dignity without getting in debt, his two estates were so far off; and it was a disgrace to the Russian government that they did not do something for the czar's cousin, and such a fine young man.'

There were reasons for Prince Theodore's being done nothing for, which were not unknown to his valet. His Polish mother and his French estate were presumed to have endowed him with revolutionary tendencies. As the northern custom is, he had been looked on with suspicion from his very childhood; and the prince, either finding there was no other chance for him, or being so inclined, had adopted liberal opinions almost as early, and was considered the chief of the Polish party in St Petersburg.

At the time of my story, it was generally suspected, in and out of diplomatic circles, that something was being brewed at Warsaw—in short, the Polish insurrection was in preparation. How far the King of the Barricades encouraged it was best known to himself and his ministers. Louis Philippe was the man not to commit himself; and it is wonderful how such safe cards ever lose the game, as they do sometimes. Well, Prince Theodore was the chief of the Polish party; the Poles were getting ready for a rising; Dumont had been coming and going between his palace and the French embassy for some weeks, when all at once the prince and his valet both disappeared. The whispered account of this fact was, that an officer and a company of *gens d'armes* had been seen to enter the Ozinoff Palace, after placing sentinels at all its outlets; that they stayed there long enough to make a strict search in cabinet and bureau; and left the palace escorting a close carriage, presumed to contain the princely owner and his confidential servant. The rest of the establishment were permitted to remain in their accustomed quarters; but a commissary of police and sundry of his satellites took lodgings in the prince's apartments, and made daily examinations of every soul, from the steward to the scullion.

What discoveries rewarded their assiduity, nobody could tell, but Siberia at least was predicted for poor Prince Theodore; and when Count L— sent for me at seven o'clock the same evening, he had got wind of the disappearance at half-past six. I was not surprised to see his excellency in a considerable fluster, which he tried hard to keep out of view, and to hear him say: 'Gasper, I want you to set out for Paris immediately; you must accomplish the journey as quickly as possible. I would intrust none but yourself with the dispatch; it is one of the utmost importance: never lose sight of it till you deliver it into the hands of the Minister of War.'

I was half prepared for the journey, having heard the whisper; and the great ambassador smiled on me, as if I had been his heart's delight, when I assured him of my readiness to set out with all expedition, and that the dispatch should never be out of my keeping till it was safely delivered to the Minister at Paris.

'Your zeal and devotion shall not be forgotten,' said he in his grandest manner. 'France knows how to reward those that serve her. Go, my brave Gasper; get ready to ride, and I will conclude my letter to Monsieur le Ministre.'

Before any timepiece in St Petersburg had reached the half-hour, I was galloping along the western road, as fast as a powerful Polish horse could carry me, with the usual equipments of sheepskin cloak, jack-boots, and saddle-bags, and the dispatch sealed in a tin case and locked up in the water-proof bag attached to my firmly buckled belt. People will tell you that the eastern route *via* Moscow is the most practicable; but right through the Baltic provinces to West Poland, and thence to East Prussia, for me. I pushed on that way at a rate that would have satisfied even the

ambassador; partly because the first heavy snow-fall of the north was coming on—for it was the beginning of October, and if once it came, weeks must elapse before the succeeding frost made roads and rivers passable—and partly because I determined to take one good night's rest at Klotaskow, a little old town in the government of Livonia, where an honest man named Fritz Hopnar, from my native Rhineland, had set up an inn with the sign of Three Eagles, by way of doing equal honour to Russia, Prussia, and Austria, and thus securing the whole government patronage of the north. I believe Hopnar to some extent succeeded in his great design; at all events, he kept an honest and wonderfully clean house for that part of the world, and may be entertaining travellers there still, for aught I know to the contrary.

I reached his house at the close of a day, all over fog and sleet, and in some fear that my toes and fingers were frost-bitten, for the north winds were bitter. It was full of Livonian peasants. Klotaskow, though consisting only of one crooked street, mostly of log-huts, with a few timber-houses scattered among them, and a low church in the middle, is the capital of a large district, and also a Lutheran town. There had been a confirmation in its church that day, and the peasants, who had come many a mile to the pious solemnity, were now, according to northern custom, making merry at the Three Eagles. I was glad to get a seat among them in Hopnar's warm kitchen. He and his wife welcomed me with their usual kindness. Being a countryman and a courier, I was quite a friend of the house; the seat of honour—that is to say, the wooden settle within the chimney—was accorded to my rank: there was no other distinction of travellers' rooms there in my time. They made ready the best their house afforded for my supper; a journey through north wind and sleet makes one no way particular in that matter. I told the news of the world, as became a courier, to them in German; they translated it into Livonian, for the benefit of the peasants; and in the midst of general homage, I finished my supper—the only meal I had that day—looked at the lock of my water-proof bag, ordered a horse and myself to be called at the break of day, and retired to bed.

The Three Eagles boasted but one bedroom—a kind of loft over the goose-house, which forms an integral part of every Livonian establishment. It was accessible by a wooden stair at the end of a passage leading from the large common apartment, which, besides serving for kitchen, parlour, and hall, afforded sleeping accommodations on its straw-covered floor to all the commonalty, while the loft was reserved for superior travellers. It was furnished with an old-fashioned German bed, hung with scarlet cloth, a carved oak-chest for a table, and two very ancient chairs. Partitioned off it, there was a closet, in which Frau Hopnar kept her provision of house-linen and other precious things brought with her from Germany. I knew the room and all its belongings well; many a night I had slept there before, and nobody pays better than a courier; yet I thought Fritz hesitated strangely in lighting me up to the chamber. The frau had previously tried to persuade me that a bed which she could make up beside the kitchen-fire would be more comfortable. When neither my dignity nor my prudence would consent to that arrangement, she had gone to put the room in order, and stayed longer than the frau was wont to do.

I remembered these circumstances afterwards. At the time, I was glad enough to fling off my weather-worn clothes, and get in between the two German beds, after pushing the oak-chest against the door, which had neither lock nor bolt, laying the dispatch-bag under my head and a pair of pistols within reach of my hand. I was a long way yet from crossing the Russian frontier, and who knew what spies might be on my track?

I had not slept in a bed since the night before I left St Petersburg, and without doubt I slept soundly. Perhaps it was the unwonted comfort of my position that made me dream all night of winning at cards from the French ambassador, from the Russian minister, and from all sorts of great people, with whom I was never likely to have the honour of playing. The nightly vigilance of the goose tribe has been noted ever since they saved the Capitol. There were three score of them in the house below my loft, and the whole flock must have united in the chorus that woke me just as I was sweeping five thousand francs off the hazard-table. I started up with a vague idea that there was somebody in my room. My one hand instinctively grasped the pistol, and my other the dispatch-bag. There it was, all safe under my pillow; I could feel the tin-case inside; and the room was silent and dark, except where a faint ray of the rising moon flickered in through the sky-light. The chest still stood against the door as I left it. Some prowling fox must have come too near to the goose-house. Of course, the whole flock got my hearty malediction, and before it was well uttered, I was fast asleep again.

Fritz called me at daybreak, and I was on the road within the same hour. The sleet was still blowing. I had cold travelling over the miry plains and swollen rivers, and terrible work with the lazy boatmen and knavish postmasters; but the influence and credit of the French ambassador stood me in good stead. I bribed and I bullied, two processes without which there is no getting on in Russia. I foiled curious inquirers; I kept clear of military stations. Count L——'s dispatch was kept next my heart in waking-hours, and under my head when I slept—out of my keeping it never went for a moment; and never was I more relieved in heart and mind than when the Russian frontier was fairly passed, and there was nothing but German ground before me. Moving so rapidly southward, I had escaped the snow, and, what was more to be dreaded, the Russian authorities. Couriers had been known to disappear, dispatches and all, on the same track, and never be heard of more. Prussia was not a much safer territory in those days; but I crossed it, crossed the Rhine, found myself on French ground, and posted to Paris, with the conviction that my laurels were won.

It was three o'clock in the morning before I passed the *barrières*, and when I reached the minister's hotel, that establishment was just settling down into sleep or exhaustion after a magnificent ball given in honour of the Russian ambassador, who had lately arrived in Paris. The porter seemed in no hurry to admit me; but when my continuous ringing at length brought him to the gate, he gave me a look of astonished recognition, and said in a sort of whisper to himself: 'Is Monsieur le Courier really going to set out again?' I had never seen the porter in my life, had never been in the house before; but the man was old, and might be dreaming, for his eyes looked ready to close; and having no time to lose with him or anybody else, I hurried upstairs to the minister's apartments.

'Monsieur is gone to bed, and did not expect you, I am sure,' said the valet, who answered my impatient knock. He was a young, lively-looking fellow, quite a new face to me; but he gave me the very same look of acquaintance and surprise with which the porter had greeted my entrance, and would have asked half-a-dozen questions if I had not stopped him with a demand to see the minister immediately.

He left me in the anteroom, and went to deliver my message. I improved the time by opening the bag and getting out the dispatch. The tin-case was familiar to my hand; many a time it had been felt for at every stage of the journey; yet now, when I held it up to the light, the seal which Count L—— had put upon it in my presence was gone. The case could be opened, and I opened it in perfect desperation,

and there—instead of the ambassador's secret and important letters, to deliver which I had posted night and day, and been pledged to part with only into the minister's own hands—there were two copies of the *St Petersburg Gazette*, and nothing more. The horror and confusion of the discovery were so overwhelming, that I have no recollection of anything till I found myself in the minister's bedroom. The valet must have come back with an order to admit me; I must have closed the case and followed him mechanically; and there I was at the side of the great man's bed presenting the tin-case, with a horrible sense of having lost the dispatch, and being utterly unable to tell or imagine how.

Monsieur le Ministre was sitting up in his night-gown, and looking terribly fagged. I was seeing him for the first time; it was the first dispatch I had brought to him; but the minister saluted me with a still more familiar look than those of his porter or valet. 'Is it possible you have brought more dispatches?' said he with a yawn. 'Those you said the Belgian courier was bringing, I suppose, *ma foi*,' he continued, opening the case. I don't know how I presented it. 'It was well worth the count's while to employ a courier and dispatch-bag with two copies of the *St Petersburg Gazette*. There is some government story about that unlucky prince in them, I daresay; but you might not have troubled yourself and me coming at such an hour. To be sure, you did not know. Count L—— is a very strange man; but you acted under orders; and I can forgive you everything for making the journey you completed last night.'

'Last night, your excellency,' said I, feeling rather uncertain of my ears.

'Yes,' said the minister, laying himself down very comfortably. 'Your arrival here, and the delivery of the count's letters at half-past eleven last night, was an achievement in travelling. Monsieur, I am the friend of all faithful servants: I have reported your performance to the Citizen King, and congratulate you on the honour of his approval. It is to be regretted that Count L——'s overanxiety for the information of his cabinet should have caused an unnecessary journey to the Belgian frontier. But good-night, my friend!—and he tucked himself better in—'go and take the rest you so much require, and be sure that your remarkable services will find appreciation.'

I suppose it was the instinct of self-preservation that enabled me to keep my own counsel and ask no questions, but I left the room with a strong impression that either myself or the minister was going mad. If it were he, his porter and his valet shared in the insanity, for each, after his own manner, had testified to my arrival on the preceding night. One thing was clear—the letters which I had seen Count L—— put into the tin case and seal up had been taken from me out of the bag, which I never parted with night or day through that long and rapid journey. But what opportunity had any Russian instrument found to take them? My thoughts flew back, as only thoughts can fly, over all the stages and incidents of my journey. They stopped for a moment at the Three Eagles—those Livonian geese had made a fearful clamour; but nobody could have entered my room without moving the heavy oaken chest I had set against the door, and it stood in the very position I left it till the morning. Who had taken the letters, and who had come in my stead twenty-seven hours before me, and what had that messenger brought? I felt myself in a scrape beyond my own comprehension. It must be one of those deep-laid Russian tricks of which I had occasionally heard in my travels. Doubtless an explanation would come out in time, and little to my comfort. When Count L—— and the minister came to find out that the important letters had not come to the proper hand, the blame and the responsibility must fall on me, and who would believe the account I had to give?

The overworked man will sleep under any weight of care, and so did I in the German hotel for good twelve hours that day; but all the time I was locking up dispatch-bags, opening tin cases, finding them empty, and searching for the lost letters in every corner of Fritz Hopnar's house. Next evening, I screwed up my courage so far as to go to the minister's hotel, on a pretext that I had left my gloves there, and found opportunities for conversation both with the porter and the valet. It required all my courier's tact to sound them regarding my alleged arrival; but they were quite clear and positive that I had arrived at the time specified. The whole household were aware of the minister's wonder and delight at the rapidity of my journey; and the valet remarked that the dispatches I brought must have been very important, for the minister ordered his carriage, and drove to the Tuileries, though everybody knew the Citizen King retired early.

I had occasion to see the minister some days after—my accounts were settled at his office. They affected simple republican fashions in those first days of Louis Philippe, and from the great man's own lips I heard the same assurances about the achievement in travelling I had performed, and the high consideration with which he regarded me. There was no doubt in his mind that I had come and delivered dispatches to him twenty-seven hours before I had the honour of seeing his face for the first time. Weeks passed, other couriers arrived from the north, but no letters were missing, no suspicion rested on me; on the contrary, the trumpet of my fame was blown by the minister and all his satellites; and I became a man of mark among the posting corps. If Count L— were ever asked about the Russian Gazette, it must have been in a particularly quiet way, for no question was ever asked me on the subject. It was not my policy to draw attention to that fact. Somebody, or something, had stolen my dispatch in a manner I could not account for, and carried it in my stead at a rate exceeding my utmost speed; more unaccountably still, had passed for myself with so many keen eye-witnesses; and I had got the honour and glory of an unprecedented journey. But I was born in the Rhineland, and had heard tales concerning the *Doppelgänger*; and in the utter impossibility of any other explanation, I will confess that my German mind turned to that mysterious agency. No earthly thief could have entered my barricaded room, and frightened the geese below. I felt convinced that the business had been done there and then, and as the representative spectre never does a man's work or takes his place for a good purpose, the old-world notion made me more uncomfortable than I should have cared to acknowledge at the time. Henceforth there was a weird and inexplicable secret in the background of my life; nobody knew, nobody guessed at it. I was great among the couriers, I was smiled on by the officials; but it made me nervous and anxious in travelling, unable to rest without my right hand strapped to the dispatch-bag, and particularly careful to avoid the Three Eagles. For that purpose, I actually took the eastern route in several subsequent journeys. Many a one I made in the service of Count L— and his government. I crossed Poland when it was in a state of full insurrection; Prussia, when it was talking of marching over the Rhine to restore the elder Bourbon; and Austria, when there was great discourse of her troops finding their way from Lombardy to the south of France; but nothing to throw light on my mysterious substitute ever came to my knowledge. Though I did not forget the circumstance, all attempts at discovery or explanation, except the one mentioned, had been fairly given up by the time three years had passed. By then the Polish insurrection had been quelled, the threatened revolution in Italy averted, Louis Philippe had got smoothly over most of the troublesome consequences of his elevation to the throne, the five great

powers were working harmoniously, and the whole world was to remain exactly in the position they had it till the end of time. Everything was settled, and Christine and I thought of settling too. She was only a milliner's girl, with very small savings, but there was not a prettier face in Strasburg. Madame Gasper is a pretty woman yet. I myself, notwithstanding the minister's high consideration, and my consequent grandeur amongst the couriers, had but little; but we made up our minds to marry, and wait no longer than my return from Naples, where they sent me with dispatches about some of the many misunderstandings which happened in that quarter. As Italian affairs were never quickly transacted, I had to wait some days for the ambassador's homeward message, and was seated, smoking and thinking of Christine, in the piazza of my hotel, when somebody came out of the house, and tapped me on the shoulder. I looked round, and there stood my old acquaintance, Dumont, the confidential valet, whom I and all the rest of the world had believed to be sharing his master's exile on the shores of the Icy Sea.

'Monsieur Dumont,' said I, 'is it possible that I see you so far south? How did you escape, and what has become of the poor prince?'

'Come to the Gonzaga Palace this evening at eight o'clock—the back-entrance, remember, and not in your courier's dress—and you shall hear all about it, my friend, together with something to your advantage,' said Dumont, as he moved away with mysterious grandeur.

I was curious to hear the particulars of his escape, and still more curious to hear the something to my own advantage. Dumont was keen, clever, and good-natured; he might have heard of some service more remunerative than that I had the honour of posting in, and eight o'clock found me at the back-entrance of the Gonzaga Palace. Dumont was on the watch for my arrival, and with an air of great secrecy he conducted me up the back-stairs, and into his own room.

'Sit down, my friend,' he said, shutting the door, opening his own private bureau, and taking therefrom a Parisian pocket-book—'sit down, and you will hear a remarkable story, in which, I must observe, you yourself played a most important part, though not one of your own choosing. It has been the case, my friend, with many actors in the world's great drama. But to return to our story. The prince and I were not arrested that evening, as you and everybody in St Petersburg supposed. A friend and countryman of mine, who filled the office of valet to the Russian minister of police, made the discovery of what was intended, and sent us intimation just half an hour before the visit of the gens d'armes. Our arrest seemed inevitable; but nothing is impossible to courage and capacity. The prince took my advice, and we escaped. The steward of the palace was getting in his winter fuel; there were consequently a number of Finnish woodmen about the premises. I caught two of them, got their clothes for two suits of my own, sent them off with three silver roubles apiece, and orders to get out of St Petersburg as quickly as they could, or the money should be taken from them. Let me assure you their disappearance was an example of celerity. The prince and I made a successful imitation. Without waiting to destroy papers, or take other unimportant measures, we assumed the Finnish clothes, with wigs and beards to match. His highness had fortunately some in store; he had a taste for masquerading, and found them useful in his little adventures. It was a terrible sacrifice to cut off our own hair and moustaches, but necessity has no law. Then, with all the ready money we could collect—it was lamentably little—with a coil of rough ropes under each arm, and our wolf-skin caps well drawn down, we sallied out among the retiring woodmen, made our

way through the city, and reached the western road about the time that the excellent officer of police and his company were taking possession of the Ozinoff Palace. We took horses at the nearest post-house. The prince did all the talking. He was a wealthy Finland boor, going to visit relations he had in Livonia; and I was his younger brother, born deaf and dumb; so we got on famously. But it was uncomfortable travelling. The weather grew very bad by the time we reached Klotakow; we were glad to put up at the Three Eagles. You know the house, and the house knows you. Fritz Hopnar and his wife are excellent people, but they did not tell you; no, they were paid for not telling it, and kept the secret like honest Germans, that we were stowed away in the linen-closet, when you had to get possession of their only bedroom—it was our good stars that prompted you to that, my friend—in the linen-closet. They also suggested to me that travelling as a French courier would be a much safer business for his highness; I could act as his postilion, and we were sure to get on. You had left an old tin-case in Frau Hopnar's keeping; it was laid up with her linen, and suited exactly. I had two copies of the *St Petersburg Gazette* about me. It is wonderful what a man of talent can do with a very small allowance of moonlight; but I must say, had those geese below been all prepared for the pot, it would have been a satisfaction to my mind when they raised that clamour just as I was restoring the bag to its place under your pillow. Yes, my friend, I took your dispatches, but I did not steal them. His highness and I posted as no German could have done. We got properly equipped at a town in West Poland, I forget its name; and they were safely delivered to the Minister of War in Paris, twenty-seven hours before your arrival with the *St Petersburg gazette*.

I know the affair has afforded the minister some jests upon Count L—, and you some speculation; for Prince Theodore, in his courier's dress, with the red, I mean auburn wig and beard, bore such a very remarkable resemblance to yourself, that Monsieur le Ministre, and every soul about his house, believed it was you; and we made provision for the second coming by a tale of dispatches that were to be expected through Belgium. It must have been a great puzzle to you, but we knew you were not the man to betray your misfortunes. The prince is deeply sensible of the service you rendered him, and most anxious to reward it; but his highness never had adequate resources, and is now limited to his French estate. Better days will no doubt come to a gentleman of his merit; but in the meantime, he offers you, as a token of his gratitude, these two notes of a thousand francs each; and Dumont slipped the bank-paper into my hand. I did not refuse it. Christine and our new home were to be provided for, and I had got a satisfactory explanation of the Doppelgänger.

His highness would have acknowledged your services earlier, had his funds allowed him to do so, continued the valet; 'but, living here in exile, under an assumed name, of course his ability falls far short of his inclination.'

'Did he take up arms to fight for the liberty of his mother's country, as you often told me he would, if the people only rose against their tyrants?' said I.

'No,' said Dumont, with great composure. 'His highness is a decided patriot; but his genius is deep and penetrating; he knew the fortunate hour had not come. It has not come yet, my friend; when it does come, Prince Theodore will be found at the head of his country's ranks: in the meantime, he is amusing himself in Italy; and there is his bell. Let me wish you a very good-evening, and please to shut the back-gate.'

I did shut it; and that money set Christine and me up. It was the only token of Prince Theodore's gratitude I ever received. The fortunate hour for

him to be found at the head of his country's ranks never arrived; but he contrived to get pardoned, and returned to Russia, leaving unsettled accounts to a considerable amount in all the Italian towns. I believe Dumont went with him, and is still in his service; but I have left the road; the world is all changed about me, and you are not the first who have heard me tell this story.

THE ACADEMY OF COMPLIMENTS.

THE *Complete Letter-writer* is still an item in a bookseller's stock-in-trade, but we should suppose little patronised, except by servant-girls and country apprentices. Time was when the authors of such compilations flew at higher game, and found their customers among the mob of gentlemen who did not write with ease. One of the most popular of this description of book now lies before us. It is but a small volume, that might be carried in the pocket without inconvenience, yet in its limited space are combined the usual features of a letter-writer, a manual of polite conversation, a book of etiquette, and a universal songster.

This wonderful *multum in parvo*, published in 1670, is entitled *The Academy of Compliments newly refined, wherein Ladies, Gentlewomen, and Scholars may accommodate their courtly Practice with gentle Ceremonies, complimentary Expressions, and Forms of Speaking or Writing Letters most in Fashion; also a New School of Love, and a Present of excellent Similitudes, Comparisons, Fancies, and Devices*. The author starts with defining compliments as the quintessence of wit, the refiners of speech, the language of gallants, the musical ravishings of their perfumed breaths, loving sighs, and the business of their afternoons. The preface to a compliment is the motion of the body; its grace, the disposing of the countenance; its oath, the hand upon the book of the breast. The compliments themselves are rather formidable things. Imagine one gentleman acknowledging another's salutation with, 'You honour me as if you did erect me a thousand statues!' or denoting acquiescence in an opinion advanced by saying: 'Your judgment doth amaze vulgar wits, since in you alone all those perfections are found which can be sought for on the earth.' If the exquisites of the day exchanged such grandiloquent sentences between themselves, we may expect to find them out-Armado Armado in addressing the ladies; and so it is. Here are a few sentences culled from some pages of similar matter; the occasions for which they are adapted may easily be inferred. 'Mistress, pardon my rudeness for troubling thus rashly your musing meditation.—Theseus, fair one, did never more triumph at his deliverance from the perilous labyrinth, than I from the pernicious bondage of such cruel beauty.—Be careful, fair one, lest, being led captive by security, your mind float in the surging sea of idle conceits, whilst the gales of voluptuous pleasure, or the stifling storms of unbridled fancy, with raging blasts, make a shipwreck of your beauty.—Madam, you are the saint to whose shrine I daily offer up my scalding sighs.—Cruel one, how long can I make an ostentation of my felicity?'

To save the would-be gallants from racking their brains for similitudes and comparisons, wherewith to shew their appreciation of a lady's charms, they are instructed to tell her that her face fresheth the sight like the gloss of the emerald, or expels the

night more than a thousand stars; her brow is a smooth milky galaxia where Love doth sit in triumph to discharge his artillery; her tresses are golden ensigns or snares of love; her eyes shed a firmament of light, they are dove-like, liquorous rolling, wounding, or loadstones of affection; her lips are threads of scarlet, love's sweet altar, where the heart is offered for a continual sacrifice; her cheeks are like Punic apples; her breath is like the western wind when it glads Arabia, and breathes gums and spices; her voice, adorned with graceful accents, surpasses the airs of chirping birds; and so on, through the entire category of feminine beauties, where consideration for our readers' patience and propriety forbid us to follow.

Two friends meet in the street, and exchange greetings: instead of our curt 'How d'ye do?' it is: 'God save you, sir; you are most happily met; how fare you?' At parting, one of them desires the other to deliver a message to his mistress for him; after a little polite demur, the flattered friend consents, and goes on his way to tell the lady that her lover is her ready and willing servant—that the power of love has given her his heart, which he will come to fetch in hopes she will return it, and till then keep it warm in her own bosom!

Modern dinners are formal enough in all conscience; but the most inveterate diner-out would give in if the meal were now prefaced by the following ceremony at sitting down at the table. It takes the form of a dialogue, in which the speakers are the host and his intimate friend Master G. The former commences with: 'Gentlemen, pray take your places. I know not how to direct you; but first let us wash.'

Master G. Be pleased to begin, for it is fit that we should follow you.

Host. I beseech you, gentlemen, to take your places. Come, Master G., you are my old acquaintance, you shall favour me to sit here by me.

Master G. By no means; that is not my place; here is a gentleman deserves to be seated there.

Host. Sir, I have designed you the place; pray let me will you so far.

Master G. Sir, I should be loath to be too troublesome, and yet I would not present myself before my betters.

Host. You are too full of excuses; you may yield to take your due place, otherwise I should wrong you.

Master G. Sir, I beseech you to excuse me, and account it your fault if I transgress the bounds of manners, in assuming a place far above my desert, and which of right belongs to these other gentlemen.

Host. We might have spared this ceremony, for the appetite loves good dainties better than company. Now pray for yourselves.

The dinner over, the entertainer was expected to apologise to his guests for the mean fare placed before them, and entreat them to pardon his presumption, as it sprang from a desire to enjoy their good company. Some one replied in a similar strain on the part of the guests, and then all sat down to the wine.

A conversation headed 'To entertain a gentleman at your chamber,' gives us a curious and by no means complimentary idea of the manners and customs of English gentlewomen of the period. After various mutual civilities have passed between the gentleman and his visitor, the latter takes to admiring the pictures on the walls, and says: 'One of them I like very well, and would request it of you, if

modesty would permit.' Of course the host presses its acceptance on his fair friend; she is obdurate till the very last minute, when, as she departs to her coach, she kindly hints that she may perhaps be so bold as to send for it! 'To woo a coy maid,' who expressed herself in the matter-of-fact style which our author says is the correct thing, must have been no tempting task. But he gets his pupil over the difficulty without trouble. After the lady has made her sentiments known, by saying: 'Sir, I know that men have powerful language, but I am none of those young ones. You are deceived if you think that musk words can sweeten me up; and for my beauty, I would not have you dote upon that; it suffices me without commendation. If you would be more thrifty of your breath, you may spend it to better purpose; in a word, I shall never love you.' The gentleman returns to the attack with, 'While I live, I will attend upon you; and when I am dead, I will visit you in a dream, and tell you, you were a cruel maid.' To conclude, let one parting kiss seal my transportation to elysium, and I am gone.' The coy damsel yields to this modest request, and dismisses her admirer with a promise that she will strive to give him a better answer upon his next visit!

Our judges have lately been discussing the question, whether a clergyman could marry himself, and decided that he could not; and we do not suppose they would look upon a solemn betrothal as binding, when there were no witnesses to the exchange of vows. But unless such a practice as private betrothal was prevalent in the days of the Stuarts, we should hardly find the formula for it in the *Academy of Compliments*; and that it was considered binding upon the parties concerned is evident from it being entitled, 'To contract one's-self privately, and tie the knot of marriage.' It runs thus:

'Aymer. Now our love hath arrived to a happy conclusion, the storm raised by our disdain being blown over, the union of our affections making a soft and gentle harmony, which the soul can only discern; therefore that our new-begun love may never expire, I do here, in the sight of Heaven and all good angels, marry and contract my soul to yours, and give away myself wholly to your disposal, till the ceremony of the church confirm my promise.

'Maid. With as true affection, I do give myself over unto your possession, and freely bestow on you my love, which shall never know alteration, but remain ever firm and constant to you. It is therefore expedient that you obtain my friends' good-will, according to your promise, and till then we must remain only contracted in our affections.

'Aymer. Heaven! I beseech thee, bear witness to our private agreement; and may I never know one day of comfort when I break my vow!'

In the comedies of Shadwell and his contemporaries we often come upon allusions to the gentleman-usher; our little book gives us an exact portraiture of this species of dangler in the train of beauty. The qualifications necessary for the post are detailed under six heads: Firstly, the candidate must be bold to defend his lady's rights of privilege and place, of hand and wall. Secondly, he must be neat in all things; in his office, in his garb, in his coming off and coming on. Thirdly, he must be blessed with a good memory, to be able to relate how this and that lady does, how many visits they have received, with any interesting particulars respecting their dogs, monkeys, and other pets. Fourthly, he must be dexterous in his carriage, carving and marshalling of dishes. Fifthly, he must be versed in the several postures and congees; more particularly, how to hand his lady, to arm his lady, to side his lady, to draw out his lady, to present his lady, to shoulder his lady (when she took coach), to foot his lady (when she alighted). Sixthly and lastly, he was to be a proficient in Spanish shrugs and French smirks; and all these brilliant acquirements

were to be rendered more brilliant by the refinement of the gentleman-usher's language and the splendour of his habits.

Our author has not forgotten that lovers are apt to bestow tangible tokens of affection upon their mistresses; and rings being favourite love-tokens at that period, as at all others, he provides his pupil with appropriate posies for them. The following couplets, taken at random from a long string, are perhaps as favourable specimens of the quality of the collection as any we could select:

Let friend nor foe
This secret know.
Rings and true friends
Are without ends.

Innumerable are the stars I see,
But in my heart no star like thee.
The eye findeth, the heart chooseth,
The hand bindeth, and death looseth.

Whatever we may think of the prosaic power displayed in the imaginary conversations in which the art of polite conversation is unfolded, we must own the selection of songs at the end of the volume says much for the good taste both of the compiler and the musical world of his time. Here we have a large number of songs, glees, and madrigals, culled from the works of Shakspeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, Jonson, Dryden, and other poets who wrote ere superficial critics had dared to dub the English an unmusical nation. Whatever the deficiencies of our older composers, they at least were not so afraid of poetry and sense as to waste their melody on unmeaning rhymes and spurious gibberish. The lover of music married to immortal verse may be excused a sigh as he compares the songs popular in the land two hundred years ago, with the sickly sentimentalities drenched in our modern drawing-rooms, or the robust vulgarities roared in our modern streets.

We have left the most important section of our little manual to the last. Letter-writing is no simple matter in the eyes of the principal of the *Academy of Compliments*. He likens an epistle to a stately edifice: requiring the architect to be apt in three things, first, invention, which is the material of the building; secondly, disposition, or the fitting the matter appropriately to the beginning, middle, and end, which is the framing of the building; and thirdly, elocution, or the using of fit and significant words, which is the beautifying of the building; and further, to make all perfect, art, imitation, and exercise must render their assistance.

Letters are to be divided into twelve classes—letters demonstrative, which declare the particulars of any business; letters conciliatory, containing persuasive or dissuasive counsel; letters petitionary or requesting; letters economical, relating to household affairs; letters nuncupatory, conveying intelligence; letters accusatory, excusatory, gratulatory, moral, civil; and finally, letters amorous or loving. All these should be composed with reference to the place, time, and person; beautified with flowers of expression, flourished with similitudes and grave sentences, and enriched with fervent vows and tenders of service.

The same conventional politeness which makes every military member of parliament gallant, and every legal one learned, formerly extended over a wider area, and made the fitting mode of superscription a matter of moment to the letter-writer anxious not to violate the laws of propriety. Thus, we are taught to address the highest personage in the realm as The Most Sacred, Most Gracious, Most High, Most Mighty, Most Puissant, and Victorious Monarch, His Majesty of Great Britain. Princes are Most Illustrious; dukes, Most Renowned; earls, Right Honourable; knights, Right Worshipful; and esquires, Worshipful. Every judge is, *ex officio*, most just and upright; every states-

man, most circumspect and prudent; every clergyman, most grave, sincere, religious, and learned. A physician is the approved; a logician, the subtle. Poets must be complimented as sacred adorers of the Muses; lawyers, as skilful, wise, singular, and learned; captains, as honourable, valiant, hardy, merciful, and worthy; while in dealing with a friend, we have the choice of epithets in constant, respected, helping, careful, approved, special, well-deserving, over-suspicious, and wilful, to be applied as circumstances direct. Instead of the limited range of terminations to which custom confines us, our forefathers could sign themselves—yours sworn to worthiness; your living and dying friend; yours as you have made me; your what you will; your worship's poor servant to command; your entire vassal; yours as far as modesty will suffer me; yours most passionately, loyally, and perpetually devoted; and in some score other forms suggested by friendship and servility.

After supplying the epistolary aspirant with a collection of sentences with which to begin and finish his letters, our author provides him with a number of model letters for his imitation. The headings to some of these are curious enough. To a lady, promising revenge on his enemy; From a languishing lover, upon a point of rigour, to one who is not really what she seems; From a fond maid that disdained the service and love of a gallant gentleman, who was counselled to disdain her also—are a few such. As for the style of the mass of model letters, it certainly scarcely justifies the ambitious theory propounded. The following strikes us as a rather cool way for a lady to break off a correspondence with one whose suit she had encouraged: 'It is impossible, sir, to strain moist liquor out of the dry flint, to procure a heat in that which is key-cold, or to force the sturdy storms to run against their common course. Know sir, you are the man I loathe, and cannot like. Make, therefore, a virtue of necessity, and assuage the flame yourself which I know not who else will quench. . . . Take my nay for an answer; if I would, I cannot; if I could, I would not. So, farewell.' What would be thought now of a gentleman who quarrelled with his mistress writing to her in such a strain as this? 'For thy beauty, if I admired it once, it was when I knew not that thy ill conditions, like bad commodities, were to be put off with it; but now, making use of reason, I question whether at that time I had sense. Persuade thyself, therefore, if I were to die presently, and thou wert part of that I should leave the world, I would bequeath thee, with thy good face and bad conditions, for a legacy to my most inveterate enemy. And for my own part, whilst I do survive, and thy remaining upon the earth yet afflicts me, be confident, thou painted sepulchre, I will epitomise all thy vices, that the world, by reading thy volume, may shun thee, as the only obstacle to felicity.' Not very delicate, by any means; but the lady's reply is still more uncouth: 'Wonder not, sir, though you see an answer to your frantic letter. Do you think, by brawling like a beggar, to become a king? No, sir: as I know your knavery, so I pass not for it; neither can your brags go for payment. I marvel not, though your dogged letters savour of Diogenes's doctrine. You cynical dunce, what felicity can you have in biting of those whom thou canst not be revenged of? Indeed, gentle Balaam's ass, if I had been so light to have loved you, for feeding my fancy on thy ill-favoured face, I might justly have reaped such profit, since I then had filled my eyes so full with the figure of a fool. Hereafter, keep your letters patent in your beggar's box. Adieu, sir dunce; the more you mislike me, the more I love myself, while I account it my greatest felicity to be rid of such a fool.'

Such language is hardly reconcilable with any code of politeness, however lax; and spite of the pretensions put forth by the anonymous author of the

Academy of Compliments, we cannot think his method of teaching the whole art of letter-writing calculated to produce a race of Walpoles and Sévigné's.

TRADITIONS OF THE GREENLAND ESQUIMAUX.

AKAMALIK'S VISION AND CONVERSION.

At the time when the missionaries had first come to Godthaab, and when in all other parts of Greenland the Esquimaux were still heathens, there lived a man called Akamalik, a brave and expert hunter, who had a cousin of whom he was very fond. Now it happened that this friend grew sick and died. His death gave much pain to Akamalik, and grieved him to the soul; and still more so because his wife was childless, and he could not perpetuate the name of his friend. From this time he began to ill-use his wife, and even stabbed her with a knife, because she could not bring him a son to replace his lost friend. But after a time, Akamalik heard that one of the wives in a neighbouring place had given birth to a child, and called it after his friend; he therefore went to see it, and was so glad that he could not sleep for five days and nights. On his return, he first slept on the sixth day.

While in this slumber, he dreamed that he awoke and saw some one coming from the left-hand side of the house, who peeped in at the window, and said: 'Akamalik, come out and get your portion—it is said that Ussuligsoak has caught a young walrus.' Now, Akamalik had some time previously killed this Ussuligsoak; but when he heard the voice, he went directly out (in his vision) to follow the person who spoke (whom he perceived to be a woman), and ran after her, but could not catch her. He continued to pursue her across a large plain, which was so extensive that it resembled a great sea; as he went on, he noticed that he was rapidly ascending, and that the daylight was much increasing. Going on, he came to an immense heap of sand, which was continually rolling downwards like a running stream. He thought he should never be able to get over this; but the woman, who ran before, urged him on, and when he was come over, he saw upon the plain many people, who were playing with the head of a walrus. When Akamalik saw these, he had great desire to join them; but as his guide hurried him on, he could not stay, notwithstanding that they called after him. Whilst looking at these people, he recognised some of them, at which he wondered, because those he knew had been dead some time, yet now they seemed in health.

He followed his guide, and came to a ladder, which he thought he should never be able to climb; but when he saw his guide spring lightly up and disappear, he followed. When he reached the top, he saw before him another large plain. The light was still brighter, and his guide had vanished; but he followed the path she had taken, and came upon many beautifully dressed people, who were skinning a large walrus on the banks of a lake. He stopped and looked at them, and wondered within himself if the skin of the walrus was large enough to cover a boat with. No sooner had he thought this, than one of them turned and said: 'Yes, it is large enough to cover a boat.' Akamalik was amazed that they had discovered his thoughts, and after a time he again wondered if it were large enough to cover over a tent. Immediately one of them turned and said: 'It is large enough for a tent.'

Akamalik was ill at ease, and trembled when he saw amongst these finely dressed people, who could read his inmost thoughts, the man Ussuligsoak whom he had killed. Whilst he stood still, he heard a voice from the east calling to the worship of the Lord, which, when these many men heard, they left their employment, and went in haste to the water to wash

their hands. They then ran towards the north-east, and one of them beckoned to him to follow. He hesitated at first, but at last followed the one who beckoned; but he did not know what was meant by the 'worship of the Lord,' nor had he seen him who called them to it.

Whilst thus following them at a long distance, he saw on the ground before him a black strip, which seemed to have no end, and lying north and south. All who came to it sprang lightly over it; but when he reached it, he saw a great chasm in front of him, but he could not stop his pace, running; and although he did not think he could reach the other side, he sprang over it. Looking down, he saw he had passed over a great fire.

Whilst looking for his last guide, there came in sight an innumerable number of people, amongst whom he recognised his guide, and essayed to join him; but he who was about to officiate bade him remain where he was, and he therefore stood upon a place cut off from the rest. And now, for the first time, he began to feel ashamed. He was separated from the others because he was a heathen, and knew not the customs and religious ceremonies of the Christians.

Now he who stood at the altar to officiate was the Saviour, and Akamalik noticed that he was arrayed in very fine clothes; he also saw upon the altar, which was very large, a number of exceedingly small men, in a line following the direction of the sun; and there flowed over the altar a milky liquid which was very sweet. The priest then opened a book and named a psalm, which he began to sing; the others took it up one after another, in different voices, so that the air was filled with their song. This was the first time in his life that Akamalik had seen such a beautiful place, or heard such grand singing; and as he looked up into the bright light above him, he saw a large moving fire, which reached further than he could see. After the singing, the Saviour came forwards and read aloud, and Akamalik kept in his heart all the words that he heard. At last he approached Akamalik, who had now become ashamed of his unworthiness, and said to him: 'When I called thee to have a portion of the walrus, didst thou see that there was one?' Akamalik answered: 'Yes.' And he said: 'I called thee because thou wert proud, profligate, and impious, and thou hast stabbed thy wife in the leg with a knife.'

Akamalik would gladly have denied all, but he could not; and he was so ashamed that he dared not look up.

Again the Saviour spoke and said: 'Didst thou not slay Ussuligsoak?'

When he thus found that all his secret deeds were known, he began to tremble with fear, for he now saw that he before whom he stood was All-knowing, and that from him there was nothing hidden. And the Saviour pointed to one of the men in the crowd: 'Is not that the Ussuligsoak whom thou didst slay? These thou seest here are all the murdered. I collect them here, that they may one day see justice executed upon their murderers, for, notwithstanding they were heathens, they, like me, were wounded and slain. Wilt thou now continue to murder?'

Akamalik answered: 'Nay; I will never murder more.'

And the Saviour said: 'See that thou dost no more commit murder, or stab thy wife with knives. Be friendly to thy fellow-men; and learn and believe steadfastly my word. When I wandered upon the earth, men persecuted me, and nailed my hands and feet to a wooden cross; and they pierced me in the side with a lance, because I taught them my Father's will, which they would not believe.' He then took off his raiment, and shewed his hands and his side; and Akamalik saw that blood flowed from them, as if they had been recently wounded; and the Saviour

said: 'So long as the world lasts, I will never let these wounds heal, for the sake of those who would not believe in me, and have led ungodly lives. I had a mother upon the earth, and became a man by a woman, and had a body like thine; but I had no Father upon earth, because He was in heaven. Behold Him above.' Akamalik looked up and saw Him, but he did not think it was a Being, because it had the appearance of a large bright fire.

And again the Saviour spoke and said: 'Seest thou that multitude? They are now but spirits. Thou also hast a spirit.'

Akamalik answered: 'Yes; but I am perfect in my body.' But he said to him: 'That is untrue; thou art full of imperfections: I alone am perfect.' Thereupon, he led him to a place called the place of judgment—this was the chasm he had before seen—therein was an everlasting fire, and, besides, a man of dreadful appearance.

The Saviour asked him: 'Are there devils upon the earth?' Akamalik replied: 'Yes; they are frequently seen. Some wear plaited, and some hollow caps.' The Saviour said, pointing to the dreadful one in the chasm: 'He alone is a devil, and there are none others. But if thou wilt learn of and believe in me, thou shalt not have thy place in that chasm, but shalt live here above. Next summer shalt thou journey to Godthaab, and there shalt learn, either of the Moravians or the Danish clergy.'

Akamalik promised. And after being helped over the chasm, he came down to the earth. On reaching his house, he saw his unfortunate body walking up and down the room, without knowing what it was doing, and some thought he was mad. When he saw his body, it disgusted him, and he said: 'It resembles a dust-heap outside the house, full of maggots.' Nevertheless, having no other place to go to, he went into it; and when he had entered his body, he became like one dead or quite exhausted, but he afterwards awoke quite sensible. He now repented of his wicked life, and went in the spring to Godthaab, and became a Christian under the Moravians, who at that time were already come to Godthaab, to assist Egede.

He not only became a Christian in name, but also a good man and an amiable husband.

All that he was taught by the Christians, he found to coincide with what he had seen and heard in the spirit-land.

More of his history I know not. I heard it when a child from Tobianoak.

(Signed)

ALBRECHT BECK,
Catechist at Holstenborg.

OYSTERS.

The common oyster (*Ostrea edulis*), too well known to need description here, produces from one to two millions of young, of which the greater proportion perish before achieving complete development, if these tender molluscs are abandoned to themselves in the ocean. It is therefore impossible to write down any figure that would convey an adequate idea of the enormous amount of oysters lost yearly upon the coasts of England alone.

The oyster spawns about the commencement of spring, and, we are told by several eminent naturalists, that the parent renders fertile its own eggs. These one or two millions of fertilised eggs are not abandoned by the oyster: instead of throwing off their spawn, like many other shell-fish, they keep it carefully lodged between their gills, where it undergoes the process of incubation. This process continues for some time,

* When Akamalik mentions the devils upon earth in different caps, he probably refers to the Danes and Germans, of whom, as a heathen, he had no better opinion.

and that is the reason why oysters, like mussels, are not generally esteemed from the month of May until August or September. The French call this '*la période des mois sans r.*' Oysters and mussels are not good to eat, therefore, during the months that can be written without an *r*; indeed, mussels are apt to become quite poisonous at those seasons.

Some writers have asserted that mussels and oysters become hurtful at certain periods, because they enter into a state of decomposition. Others say that sickness produced from eating mussels is owing to the presence of a certain small species of crab that inhabits their gills, where it has been found by several old naturalists. It has been more recently asserted that the poisonous qualities of which we speak are owing to the mussel or oyster having eaten the spawn of the common star-fish. The latter casts its spawn from the beginning of May till the end of August—precisely the period during which oysters are said to be poisonous. As this is all the proof that can be brought forward, we must still adhere to the first explanation—namely, the presence of spawn in the gills, although we cannot see why the oyster's eggs, any more than those of the fowl, should constitute a poison. In severe attacks of illness produced by eating these molluscs, we have seen small doses of ether, repeatedly administered, meet with success.

In its first state, the young oyster exhibits two semi-orbicular films of transparent shell, which are constantly opening and closing at regular intervals—a sort of periodic pulsation like the movement of the lungs in higher organisms. When these young bivalves find nothing solid to adhere to, they soon attach themselves to each other's shells. If we examine a full-grown oyster—though it is difficult to say precisely when they are full grown—we find that one of the shells, the lower valve, is very much more concave than the upper one, which is nearly flat. It is by this concave valve that they adhere to objects under water. They cannot, like the mussel, secrete long silky threads whereby to attach themselves firmly to the rock; but when no rocks are present—on the flat sandy coasts—they have the advantage, which the mussel has not, of adhering firmly together. This species of agglutination takes place whilst the oysters are very young, and growing more attached as they grow older; they soon constitute a solid oyster-bed. These shoals or 'beds' sometimes attain many leagues in length, and a considerable thickness. In our geological explorations, we sometimes come upon a fossil-bed of this description. Such appears to be one near Reading, the oysters of which are said by an old writer to be 'entirely shaped,' and to 'have the same substance with the recent oyster-shells.' This bed of fossil oysters extends over no less than six acres of ground.

Leuwenhoek counted upwards of three thousand young oysters swimming about in the liquid which is invariably found confined in the interior of the valves. These minute beings are provided with shells very soon after the eggs are hatched—according to most naturalists, in about twenty-four hours after birth. M. Gaillon says that the favourite food of the oyster consists of a green animalcule, *Vibrio nasicularis*; but others affirm that they live also upon vegetable matter—such as the mucilage of the sea-weed, &c. The liquid contained in the oyster-shells has a composition very different from that of sea-water, as M. Payen has lately shewn by an analysis. It forms, as it were, the dairy and larder of the oyster, being kept well stocked with animalcule and flocculent vegetable matter; besides which, it contains a notable amount of albumen or white of egg.

An oyster is the type of a solitary being. Once fixed to the rock, in tender years, it never leaves its abode; and though clustered sometimes by thousands together, no one oyster ever communicates with his neighbour. Some varieties live suspended to

the roots or branches of trees that are periodically covered by the rising tide. At the mouths of rivers in South America and other tropical countries, groups of magnificent oysters are seen thus suspended, together with that curious bivalve, *Perna ephippium*, and are rocked by the balmy sea-breeze when the tide retires. They are called Mangrove oysters, as they hang chiefly from the root-like branches of the mangrove, a curious tree, which propagates itself in an extraordinary manner along the muddy banks of tropical rivers. Oysters which live suspended in this manner grow to a much larger size than those which lie in shoals at the bottom of the sea. At St Domingo, the negro divers cut them off with a hatchet, and they are served upon table with the roots. Oysters have been cultivated, more or less, like our barn-door fowl, or our choice vines, for many centuries. The ancients attached a great importance to this cultivation; and that they had as great a taste for oysters as our modern epicures, will be seen by what follows. In ancient history, we read of three men each of whom bore the name of Apicius, and each of whom was remarkable for his gluttony. They lived at different epochs; but the third Apicius, who 'flourished' under Trajan, was the most famous glutton of the three. He wrote a book upon the pleasures of the table, and 'possessed a particular secret for fattening oysters,' which he sent to different parts of Italy, and even to Trajan himself.

Britain has been noted for oysters from the time of Juvenal. The Romans cooked them in a great variety of methods. Pliny informs us that Sergius Orata got great credit for his stews of Lucrine oysters, 'for the British were not then known.' At the British Association in 1856, Professor Buckman, in bringing forward some antiquities found at Cirencester, as evidence of the domestic manners of the Romans, mentioned an *oyster-knife* among other objects of curiosity.

The art of propagating these mollusca in 'oyster-beds' was known and practised by the ancients, as many writers assure us. This art has been much perfected of late years. The works of M. Coste, who has studied this question *in extenso* on the borders of the Mediterranean and on the coasts of the Atlantic, will be consulted with interest and profit by all oyster-breeders. It is well to know, for instance, that on the western coast of France, where the water is somewhat deep, the oyster requires *five years* to arrive at its complete growth, whilst in shallow water *two years* are amply sufficient.

A model plan for breeding oysters may be seen in the Lake of Fusaro, in Italy, where mussels and oysters are cultivated with much success—where almost the entire quantity of spawn is developed without loss.

That oysters can be transported—we might almost say *transplanted*—from one coast to another, and that oyster-beds can be produced on those coasts which are deprived of them, was proved by an Englishman more than a hundred years ago. Guided by this knowledge, and his own researches, M. Coste has lately proposed to the French government to form a long chain of oyster-beds all along the western coast of France. Many beds exist there at the present day, but a great number appear to be falling to decay, and others are completely exhausted. M. Coste has set about his business. He gets fresh oysters for propagation from the open sea; he turns to advantage the oysters rejected by the trade; and lastly, he collects the myriads of embryo mollusca which at each spawning season issue from the valves of the oyster, and which are now lost to commerce from want of some contrivance to prevent their escape and inevitable destruction.

Every oyster, as we have already stated, produces from one to two millions of young; out of these not more than ten or twelve attach themselves to their parent's shell; all the rest are dispersed, perish in the

mud, or are devoured by fish. Now, if bundles made of the branches of trees, fagots of brushwood, or any similar objects, be let down and secured to the oyster-banks by weights, the young oysters will, on issuing from the parents' gills, attach themselves to these fagots, and may, on attaining perfect growth, be taken up with the branches, and transported to places where it is desirable to establish new oyster-beds.

Experiments of this kind have been made on the coast of Brittany, and we ourselves have seen them meet with perfect success. It is necessary that this process of transplantation take place at the proper periods, when success is almost certain. Between the months of March and April 1858, about three million oysters, taken from different parts of the sea, were distributed in ten longitudinal beds in the Bay of St Brieuc, on the coast of Brittany. The bottom was previously covered with old oyster-shells and boughs of trees arranged in bundles. To these the young oysters attached themselves; and so fruitful were the results, that one of the *fascines* which was examined at the expiration of six months was found to have no less than twenty thousand young oysters upon it. A report which has been furnished to the French government, shews that about twenty-five thousand acres of coast may be brought into full bearing in three years, at an annual expense not exceeding ten thousand francs (four hundred pounds). But to insure the continuous propagation of artificially formed oyster-beds, the dredging must be effected at proper periods; for this purpose the beds should be divided into zones, and one-third of each zone only be dredged each season. In this manner an entire repose of two years is allowed to each of the zones. Hitherto, the dredging used to take place in September, the spawning season being over; but in that very month the young oysters attach themselves to their parents' shells, so that the mollusca are disturbed at a moment when the new population is beginning to form. To avoid this, M. Coste proposes to fix the dredging season in February or March.

In England, there have been many acts of parliament passed for the protection of oyster-beds; the fisheries are at present, however, regulated by a convention entered into between the English and French governments, and an act (6 and 7 Vict. c. 79) passed to carry the same into effect, which enacts that the fisheries shall open on the 1st of September, and close on the 30th of April.

We have been told that the ancient Romans formerly discovered that different varieties of oysters could be intermixed so as to produce cross-breeds superior in every respect to the stocks whence they spring; and the Romans appear to have been good judges of the flavour of an oyster. Acting upon this, like a good old English gentleman who set about cultivating cabbages after reading the *Georgics* of Virgil, a medical man of Morlaix, in France, took some of those large unpalatable oysters which the French gourmands have termed *piéd-de-cheval*, and crossed them with some small Ostend oysters. The result exceeded his expectations: he created a new breed of large oysters equal in delicacy to the small ones of Ostend. The Ostend oysters, which are in such high repute in Belgium, are fished upon the English coast, and bred in oyster-beds at Ostend.

Mr Robert Macpherson, speaking of the common oyster, says: 'The *Ostrea edulis* of Linnaeus is subject to much variation, which has occasioned the making of one or two questionable species, and rendered uncertain the limits of its distribution. The common English and Welsh oyster is, however, certainly abundant and of excellent quality at Redondela, at the head of Vigo Bay; and I have likewise dredged it off Cape Trafalgar in sand, and off Malaga in mud, but have not noticed it further eastward in the Mediterranean.'

It is a curious fact, that oysters become sooner

developed in shallow water, and are by far the most highly esteemed for the table. They present another important peculiarity. The oysters that are dredged from deep water far from the coast, expel from their shell the whole of the water it contains, the moment they are taken from their natural element; those, however, which are taken on the coast, or from beds which are daily deprived of water by the retreating tide, preserve the water contained in their shells, and can be transported to great distances without losing their freshness. Thus, the American oyster, one of the many varieties of *Ostrea edulis*, is imported alive from the United States to Liverpool at the rate of many bushels a year. By submitting oyster-shells to a strong red heat, they are converted into caustic lime; in this way we obtain the purest lime that can be produced. An old writer once said: 'Oyster-shells are an alkali far more powerful than is generally allowed. . . . These shells produce very sensible effects on the stomach when it is injured by acid humours. . . . Mr Homburg recommends them to be powdered in a mortar.'

According to Dr Thomson, chemically pure lime can be procured 'by dissolving oyster-shells in muriatic acid, filtering the solution, mixing it with ammonia as long as a white powder continues to form, and filtering again. The liquid is now to be mixed with a solution of carbonate of soda; the powder which falls, being washed and dried, and heated violently in a platinum crucible, is pure lime.'

We will only add to this, that the 'white powder' thrown down by the ammonia is nothing less than *phosphate of lime*, so valuable in agriculture.

The opening of the oyster-fishery at the mouth of the river Auray, in France, coincided this year, on the 30th September, with the meeting of the agricultural committee of the Society of Agriculture of the province, presided over by the Princess Baccocchi. At two o'clock in the afternoon, 220 fishing-boats, covered with flags and flowers of all descriptions, sailed out to the oyster-beds in presence of an immense concourse of people, which had spread itself over the bridges, along the quays, upon the side of the mountain Du Loch, and all along the port of Auray, the weather being magnificent. The boats anchored on the Plessix bed, about half a mile from the port, and commenced dredging. *In the short space of one hour, the product of this fishing amounted to 350,000 oysters.* In the evening, the little town of Auray was illuminated, and dancing was kept up out of doors to a late hour by the peasants and the fishermen. It is the first time that the culture of the oyster has been thus brilliantly inaugurated. Since this little fête, 320 fishing-boats, carrying 1200 men, have been dredging off the same beds. *Twenty millions of oysters* had been brought into port when this article was commenced.

NUNQUAM NOVUS.

I LOVE to know that they are olden,
Through silent centuries have strolled,
The legends sung when days are golden,
The tales to simple childhood told;

That they were born in distant countries,
Have faced the sun, and braved the wind,
These ancient and devoted sentries,
Who watch the slumber of the mind.

The frog who was so fond of flattery,
The frog who would a-wooing go,
He strutted on the plains of Tartary
Some fifteen hundred years ago.

Puss in her Boots in Indian jungle
Was coaxing crafty chieftain's child
When Time was young, and loved to mingle
With races primitive and wild.

Joe Miller, who, when days are murky,
Our childish hearts with jokes can please,
Droll Cogia delighted Turkey
Six hundred years ago with these.

Athenians the Greek relates them
In China of Confucius told;
The lady adores, no lassie hates them;
Without them life were dull and cold.

The cat of Whittington was gifted
With ninety lives in lieu of nine,
For years two thousand she's been lifted
Through glittering ways and streets divine.

Long, long before this mighty city
Invented feasts or boasted mayors,
The bells had rung prophetic ditty
In Whittington's astonished ears.

Long, too, ere Gesaler with his wreakings
Of wrath had sworn Tell's pride to still
If th' apple were not pierced, the Vikings
Of Norseland had rehearsed his skill.

The howl of Gelert's hound hath echoed
In lands away, in times afar;
We hear it in the oldest record,
The Sanscrit Veda—even there!

Jack killed the giants, and his namesake
Clomb bean-stalks, and the rude wolf's roar
Bid Riding Hood fly, for the dame's sake,
When Scandinavia greeted Thor!

Such were the travels and adventures
Of this brave god and his brother-gods,
Ghosts of the mythologic frontiers—
Grim hauntings of mysterious roads.

How Legend loathes to change its habit!

Tom Thumb has never grown an inch,
Though he was born in flowery Tibet,
When Father Time made pleasant lunch
Of fruit that scented shores of fable!
And scanty were the acres stripped
By that scythe, terrible and able!
That fields unreckoned since hath reaped.

The Brahmins' stern untrammelled history,
Traditions of the Buddhists wild,
How flowing with poetic mystery,
How grateful to the craving child.

'Tis not for little boys to wander
To politics; when they have grown,
They'll laugh to know that Goosey Gander
Was a squib at greedy church-rates thrown.

Should steady John or studious Georgey
Become a curate (God forbid!),
They will cry 'What! traduce the clergy;
And yet much good, Jack Sprat, you did!

Though, should they learn that Humpty Dumpty,
Arose what time Great Wolsey fell,
They may say, 'Life is vain and empty,
The selfish prelate's shame was well.'

Jack Horner, who despatched in corner
The Christmas-pie, was lashed with scorn
For preaching Faith, yet playing fawner,
Before despotic Charles was born.

He lived in Bath. What poet fretful
Would not his grandest lyrics give,
Amid its dales and woods delightful,
For one pacific week to live.

My song is like the world—it opens
With poetry, but abruptly ends
With politics; the dark night deepens;
Rest woo the head that weary bends.

C.

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